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DAREDEVIL
OUT FEAR!
BRUBAKER
LARK
GAUDIANO
HOLLINGSWORTH
DIRECT EDITION
RATED T+
$2.99 US $3.75 CAN

Attorney Matt Murdock is blind, but his other four senses function with superhuman sharpness to form a radar ability. With amazing fighting skills, he stalks the streets at night in relentless pursuit of justice as

Daredevil, the Man Without Fear!

Previously in Daredevil...

It's been a difficult time for the Man Without Fear.

First, attorney Matt Murdock was "outed" by the relentless New York press as the masked hero, Daredevil. Murdock denied the allegations, but was eventually arrested and incarcerated in Ryker's Island.

While at Ryker's, his already fragile mental state quickly descended to near madness. Believing his friend Foggy Nelson had been killed, Matt took vengeance on anyone he could get his hands on inside the prison until a full-scale riot broke out. During the chaos, Murdock and fellow inmate the Punisher both escaped. Once Matt was free, he had one goal in mind: find Foggy's killer.

Following clues, Matt traveled to Europe, encountering the Matador and Tombstone and meeting a Mafia heiress named Lily Lucca along the way. Lily seemed to possess a remarkable power: the ability to make any man fall in love with her. But Daredevil fought through her deceptions, and ultimately came face to face with the person who had turned his life into hell: Vanessa Fisk, the wife of his arch-nemesis, Wilson Fisk -- a.k.a. the Kingpin. In one final blow, the terminally ill woman offered Daredevil a Faustian pact: she would clear his name in the eyes of the law and the public if he freed Fisk from prison. But Daredevil refused the deal, and returned to New York.

...to discover that Vanessa had cleared his name anyway. The director of the F.B.I. had apparently committed suicide and confessed to framing Murdock. Additionally, Matt was stunned to learn that Foggy Nelson was alive.

Now, after a tumultuous year, Matt Murdock finally returns to Hell's Kitchen as Daredevil...

To The Devil, His Due

Part One of Five

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RYKER'S ISLAND PRISON
UHN!
DON'T YOU FREAKIN' MOVE, POTTER!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
...I DIDN'T...THIS ISN'T...
GET HIS #?$%IN' HANDS!
I DIDN'T...
I DIDN'T DO THIS...I SWEAR...
I SWEAR TO GOD...I DIDN'T DO THIS...

I did this.
SMOKE SHOP
I left them for too long.
Danny Rand did what he could filling in, but with me in jail and then missing...
I left too much doubt hanging in the air...
...about whose streets these really were.

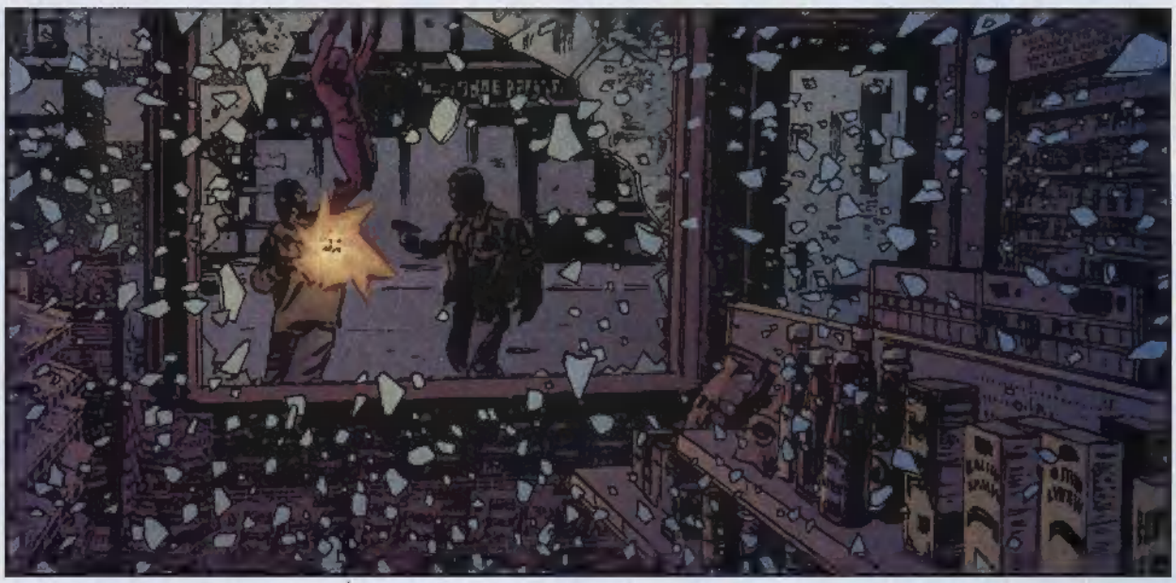
I let the people of Hell's Kitchen get scared again.
And fear breeds violence.
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD--IT'S HIM!
WE'RE DEAD! WE ARE DEAD!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO TAKE THESE JOBS! YOU STAY OUT OF THE KITCHEN! STAY OUT OF--
SHUT THE #?$% UP AND SHOOT HIM!
And violence usually spins out of control.
YEAH!
HA HA HA! HA HA HA HA!
This current spin started a few days ago, when I realized that whoever it is that's trying to run these streets now was using one of the Kingpin's old tricks.
Synchronized crimes.

The **distraction** crime comes first, and is usually loud and poorly executed...

Cars crash.

Gunshots ring out.

But when the smoke clears, there's nothing but minor property damage...



...and a few goons who don't even know who they're working for, who'll be back on the streets in six months.

And while that's happening, a few blocks away, the second crime--the real crime--goes down.

An O.T.B. is hit.

Or a liquor store with a full week's deposit ready.

When it's done right, no one even knows this has gone down until long after the robbers have fled.

But like I said, things have changed, and people here have grown scared.

Last night, instead of just slipping away with his take...

...one of the robbers in the **second crime** bashed an old man's head in.

Pistol-whipped him into a coma that his family can only hope he doesn't come out of, so they don't have to see what **brain damage** really looks like.

So tonight, when I hear the sound of shattering glass and gunfire...
...I listen closely, to be sure no one is hurt...but I don't act.
Tonight I wait for the second crime.
AAAHHHGGG!
SPAKA
KRAK
UHN!
NAA-- NO!

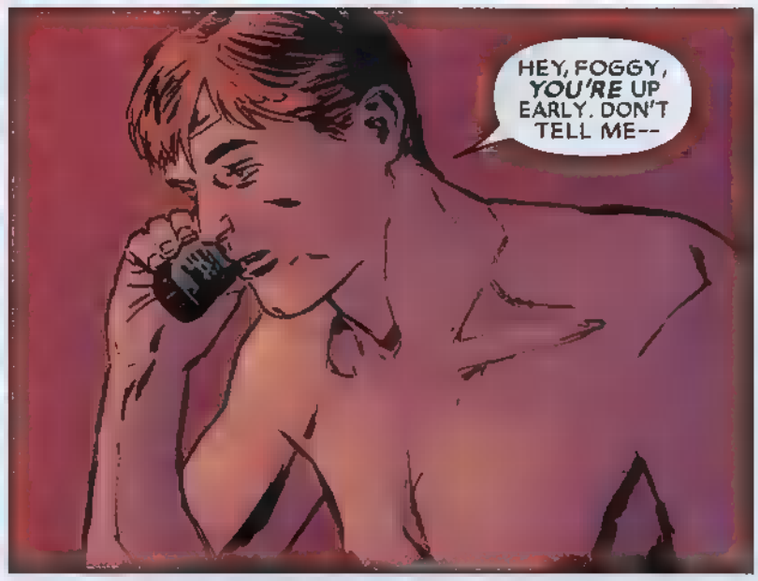
AAAAHHHH!
KKSSHHH

YAAHHHHH!
STOP.
POK
GAH!
STOP THIS! RIGHT NOW!
AND TELL ME WHO THE HELL YOU'RE WORKING FOR!
WHUDD
UH-- UH--OH GOD...
Behind me, movement by the car...
PANDA TIRE

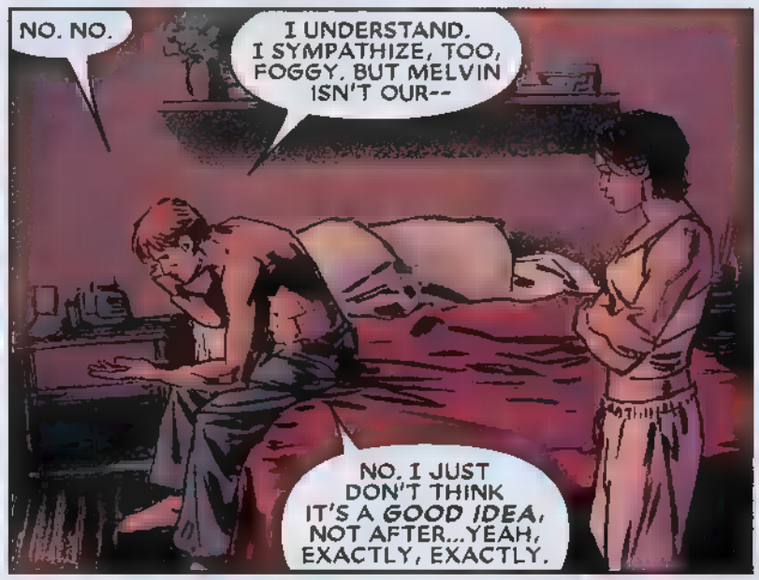
Idiots. Spraying the streets with bullets, not even aiming.
I don't have time for this.
The police will be here soon, and I need to be gone. I can't be--
NO!
I smell the blood and brain matter before my radar tells me he's falling.
NO...
Before I realize something is drastically wrong...
NO!
YOU GO TO HELL, DEVIL!
NOO!
BLAM

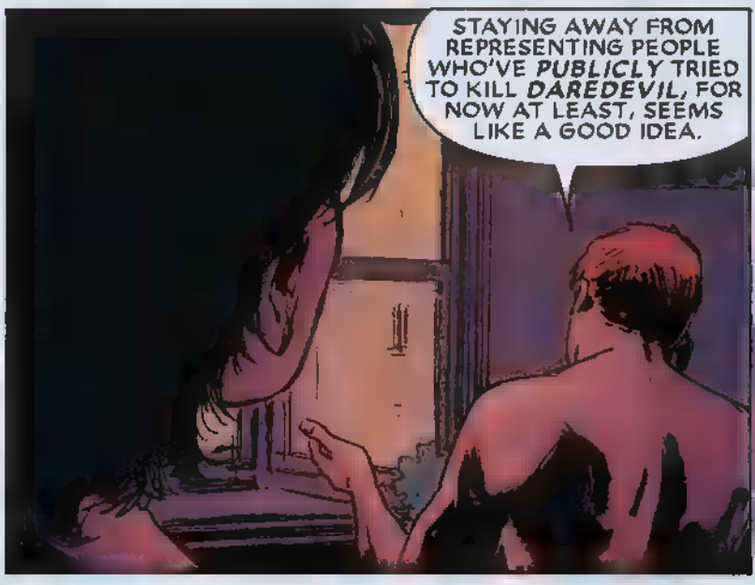
This is my fault.
Though I don't know why...
Why commit suicide rather than face me... or jail time?
CRIME SCENE
Why [redacted] these men so desperate?
Damn it.
This is all wrong.
It's like the whole world went mad when I [redacted] gone.
Was I really gone that long?

NO...NO. THE FOOD AT THE CHESHIRE CAT IS *TERRIBLE* NOW, MATT...
THAT WAS THE *BEST* BREAKFAST SPOT IN HELL'S KITCHEN.
I KNOW, BUT IT CHANGED HANDS A FEW MONTHS BACK AND THEIR *COOK* QUIT.
WELL, WHERE DOES HE WORK NOW?
PUERTO RICO, I THINK.
DAMN. THAT'S JUST TOO FAR TO GO FOR A GOOD OMELET.
LET *ME* COOK BREAKFAST. I'M GOING TO BE TOO LATE TO MAKE *DINNER* TONIGHT ANYWAY.
YOUR MEETING IS *TONIGHT* ALREADY?
YES, MATTHEW...
AND MAYBE IF YOU GOT MORE THAN THREE HOURS' *SLEEP* MOST NIGHTS, YOU'D *REMEMBER* HOW TO KEEP TRACK OF TIME.
I KNOW...IT'S JUST...IT'S *BAD* OUT THERE RIGHT NOW.
THEY NEED--
BRRINNNG RINNG
BRRINNNG RINNG
INCOMING CALL FROM...FRANKLIN NELSON.

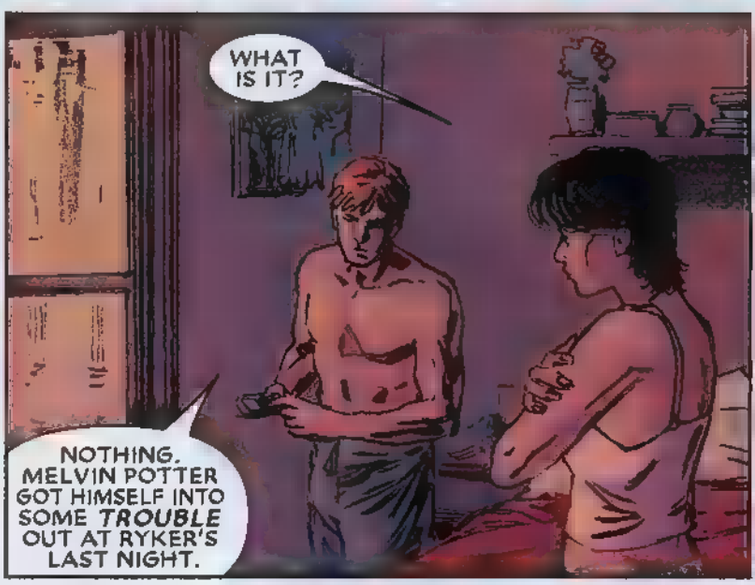

HEY, FOGGY, YOU'RE UP EARLY. DON'T TELL ME--

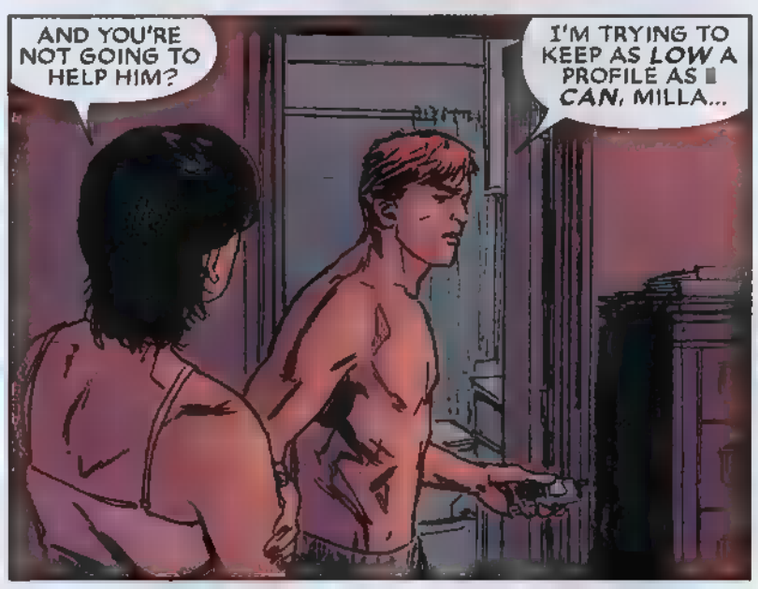
WHAT?
YOU'RE KIDDING?
YOU'RE NOT.


NO. NO.
I UNDERSTAND. I SYMPATHIZE, TOO, FOGGY. BUT MELVIN ISN'T OUR--
NO. I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA, NOT AFTER...YEAH, EXACTLY, EXACTLY.

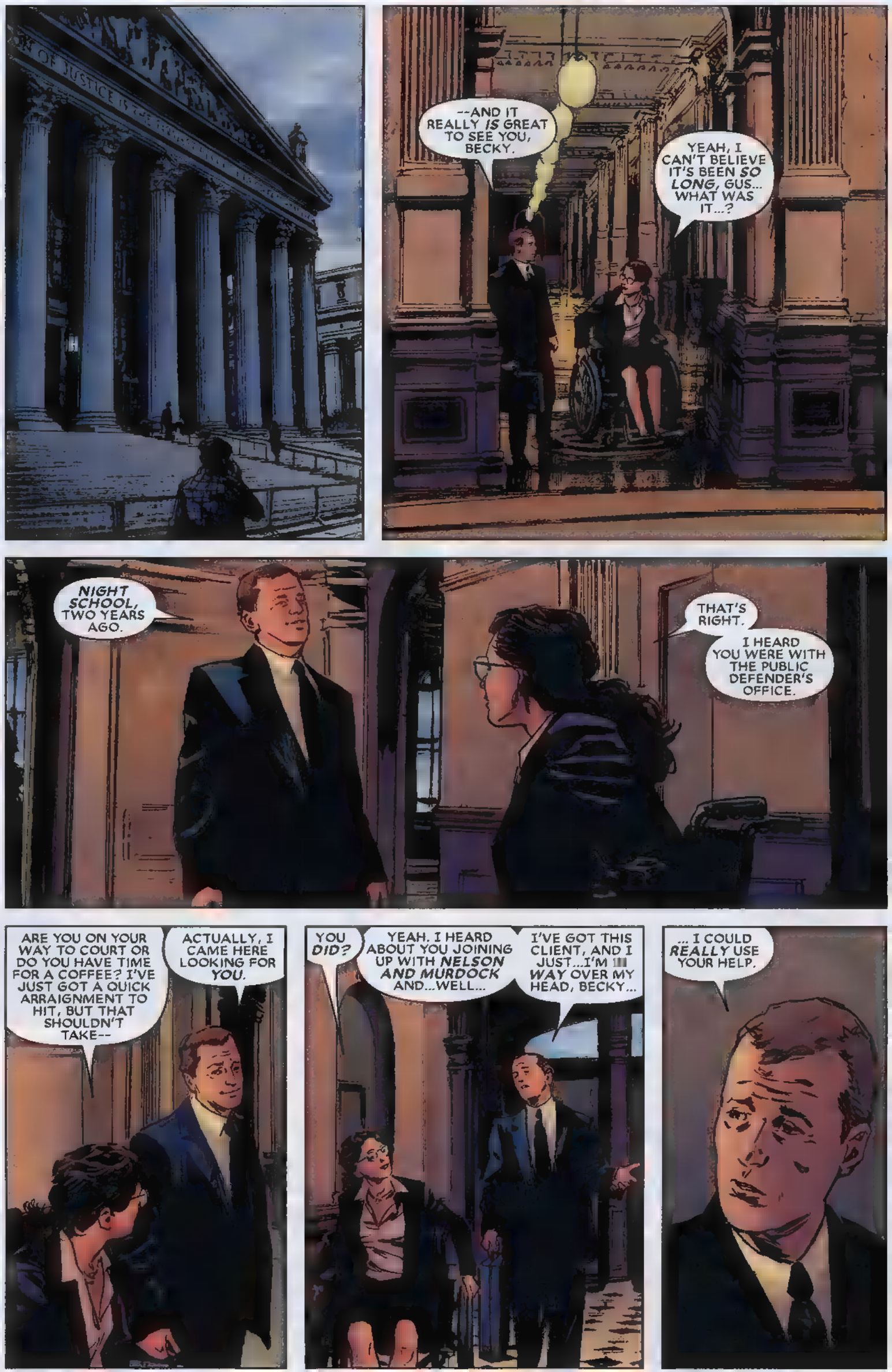

STAYING AWAY FROM REPRESENTING PEOPLE WHO'VE PUBLICLY TRIED TO KILL DAREDEVIL, FOR NOW AT LEAST, SEEMS LIKE A GOOD IDEA.

ALL RIGHT. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE OFFICE.


WHAT IS IT?
NOTHING. MELVIN POTTER GOT HIMSELF INTO SOME TROUBLE OUT AT RYKER'S LAST NIGHT.


AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP HIM?
I'M TRYING TO KEEP AS LOW A PROFILE AS I CAN, MILLA...

...SO MELVIN'S GOING TO HAVE TO HELP HIMSELF THIS TIME.

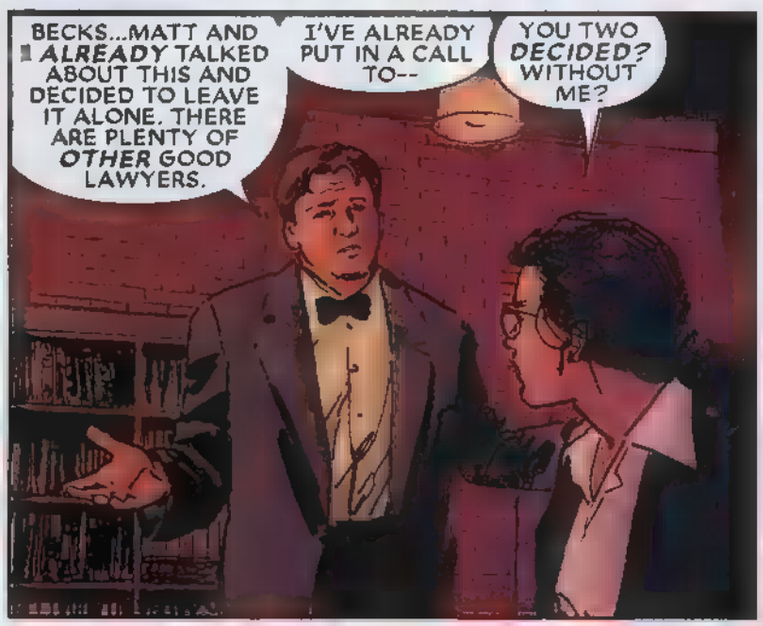

--AND IT REALLY *IS* GREAT TO SEE YOU, BECKY.
YEAH, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S BEEN *SO LONG*, GUS... WHAT WAS IT...?
NIGHT SCHOOL, TWO YEARS AGO.
THAT'S RIGHT.
I HEARD YOU WERE WITH THE PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE.
ARE YOU ON YOUR WAY TO COURT OR DO YOU HAVE TIME FOR A COFFEE? I'VE JUST GOT A QUICK ARRAIGNMENT TO HIT, BUT THAT SHOULDN'T TAKE--
ACTUALLY, I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR *YOU*.
YOU *DID?*
YEAH. I HEARD ABOUT YOU JOINING UP WITH *NELSON AND MURDOCK* AND...WELL...
I'VE GOT THIS CLIENT, AND I JUST...I'M [illegible] *WAY* OVER MY HEAD, BECKY...
... I COULD *REALLY* USE YOUR HELP.

ABSOLUTELY NOT.

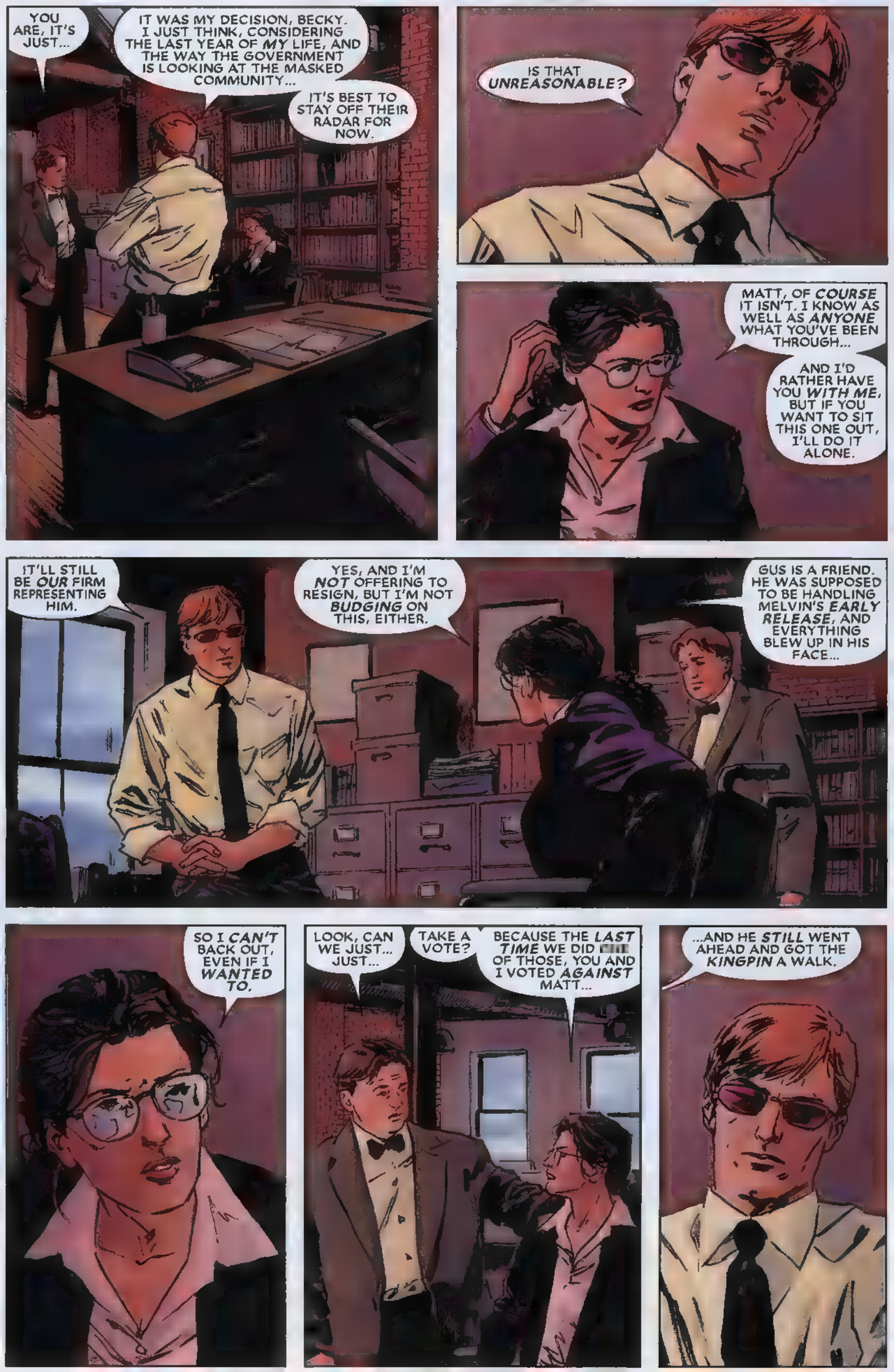
WHAT?
WE ARE *NOT* TAKING MELVIN POTTER'S CASE.

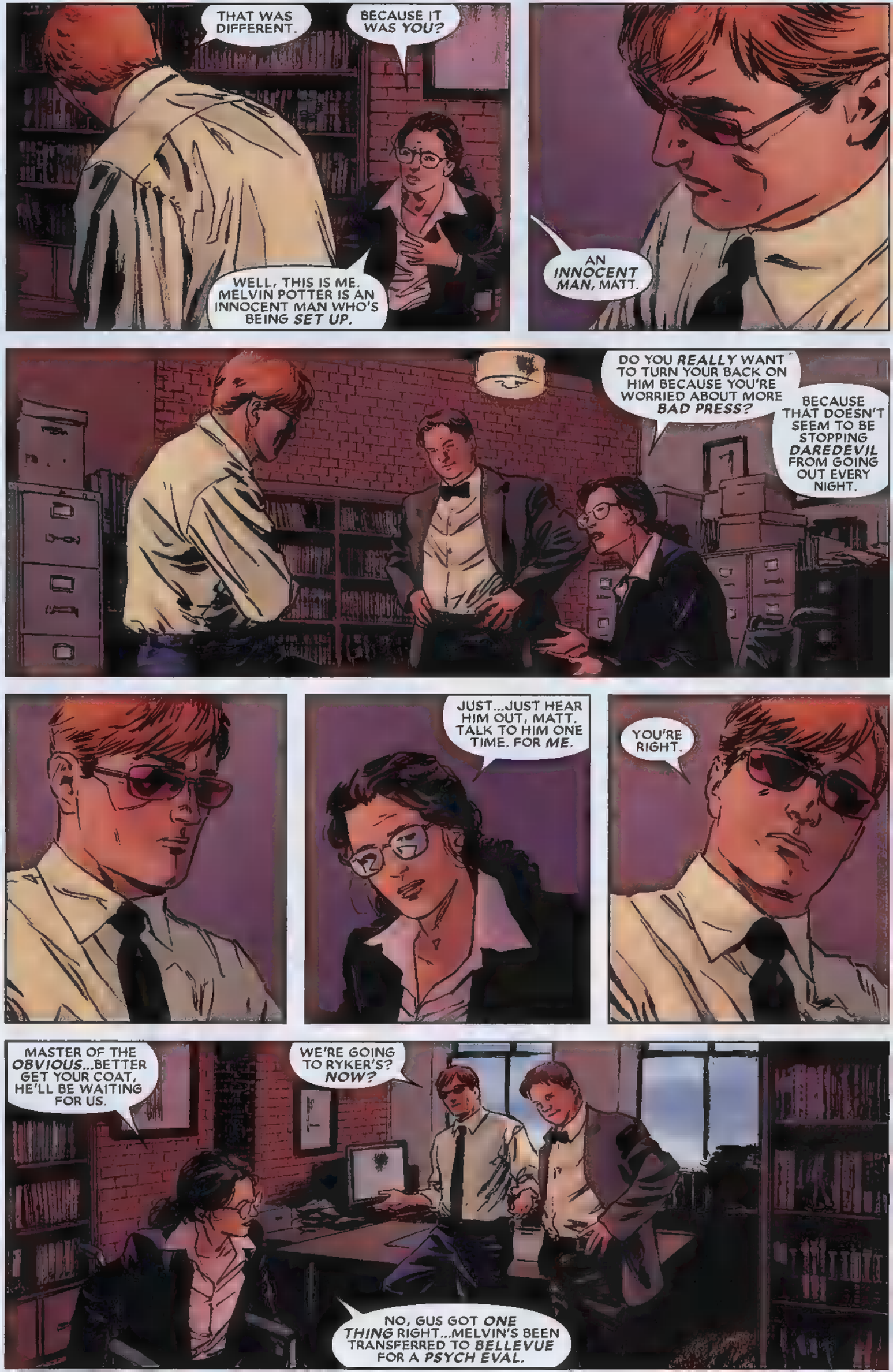
I ALREADY *DID*.

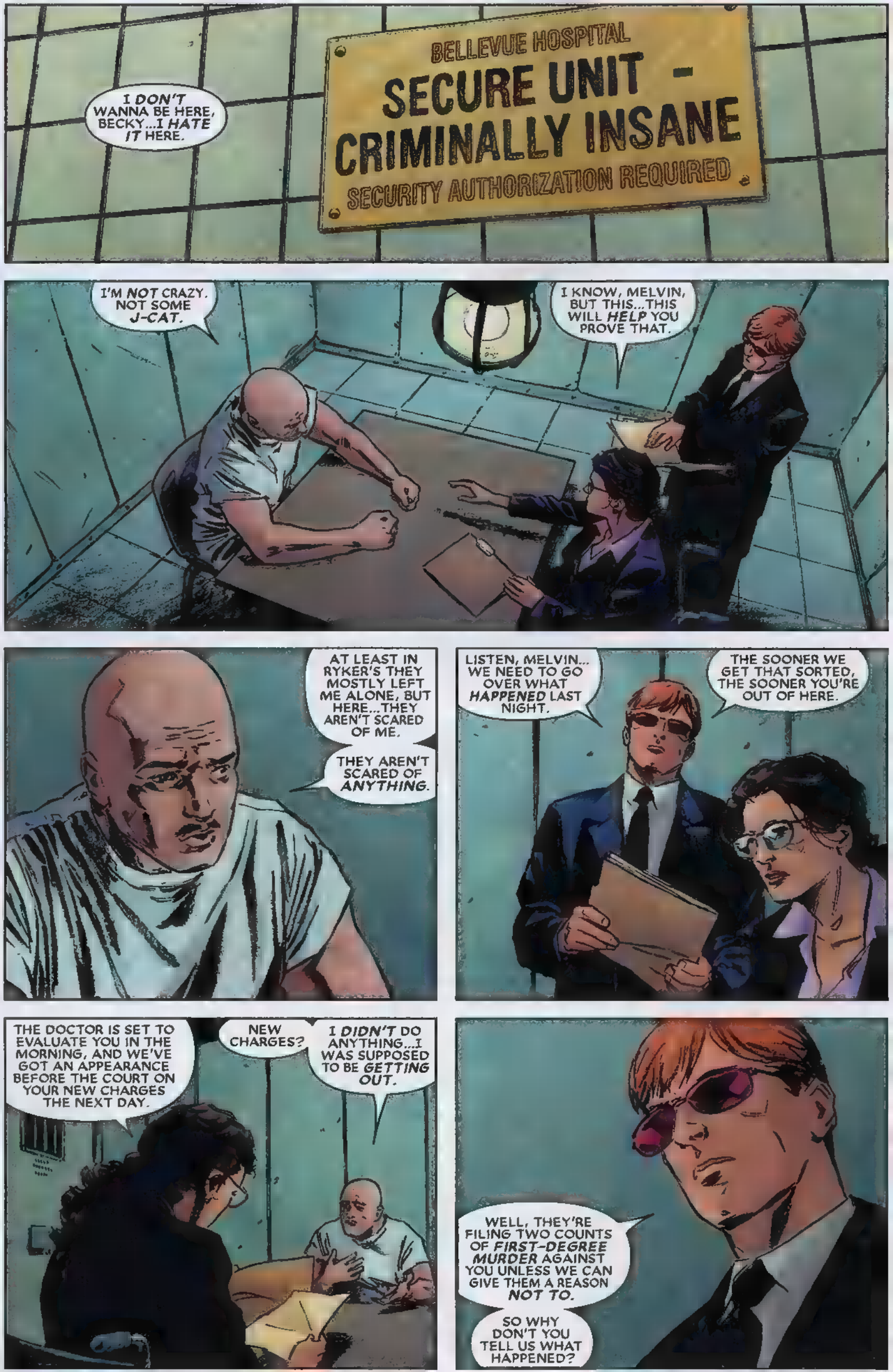
WELL, THEN CALL YOUR FRIEND BACK AND TELL HIM YOU *CAN'T*.
NO.

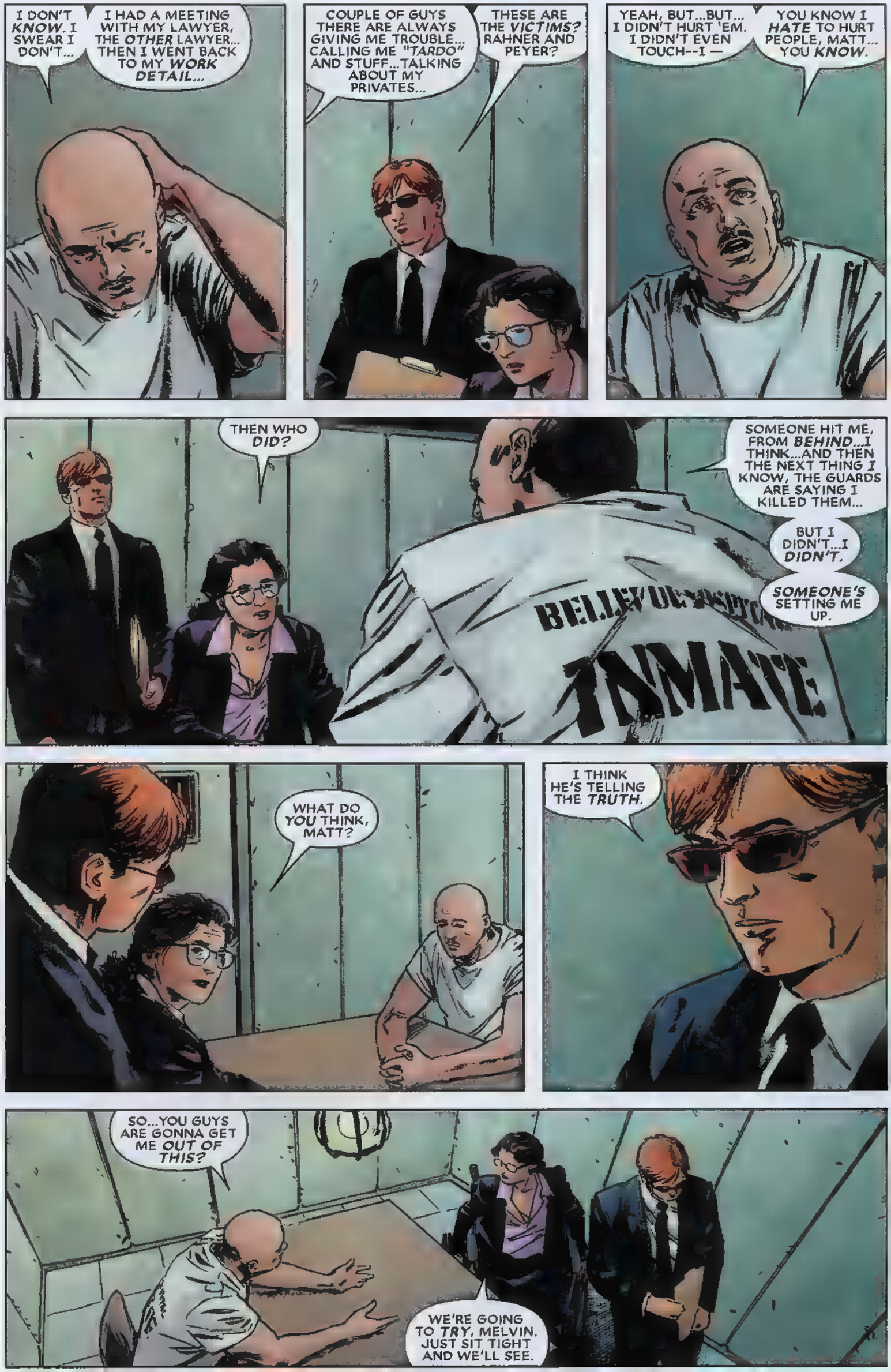

BECKS...MATT AND I *ALREADY* TALKED ABOUT THIS AND DECIDED TO LEAVE IT ALONE. THERE ARE PLENTY OF *OTHER* GOOD LAWYERS.
I'VE ALREADY PUT IN A CALL TO--
YOU TWO *DECIDED?* WITHOUT ME?

I KNOW I'M THE *NEW GIRL* HERE, BUT I THOUGHT I WAS A PARTNER?

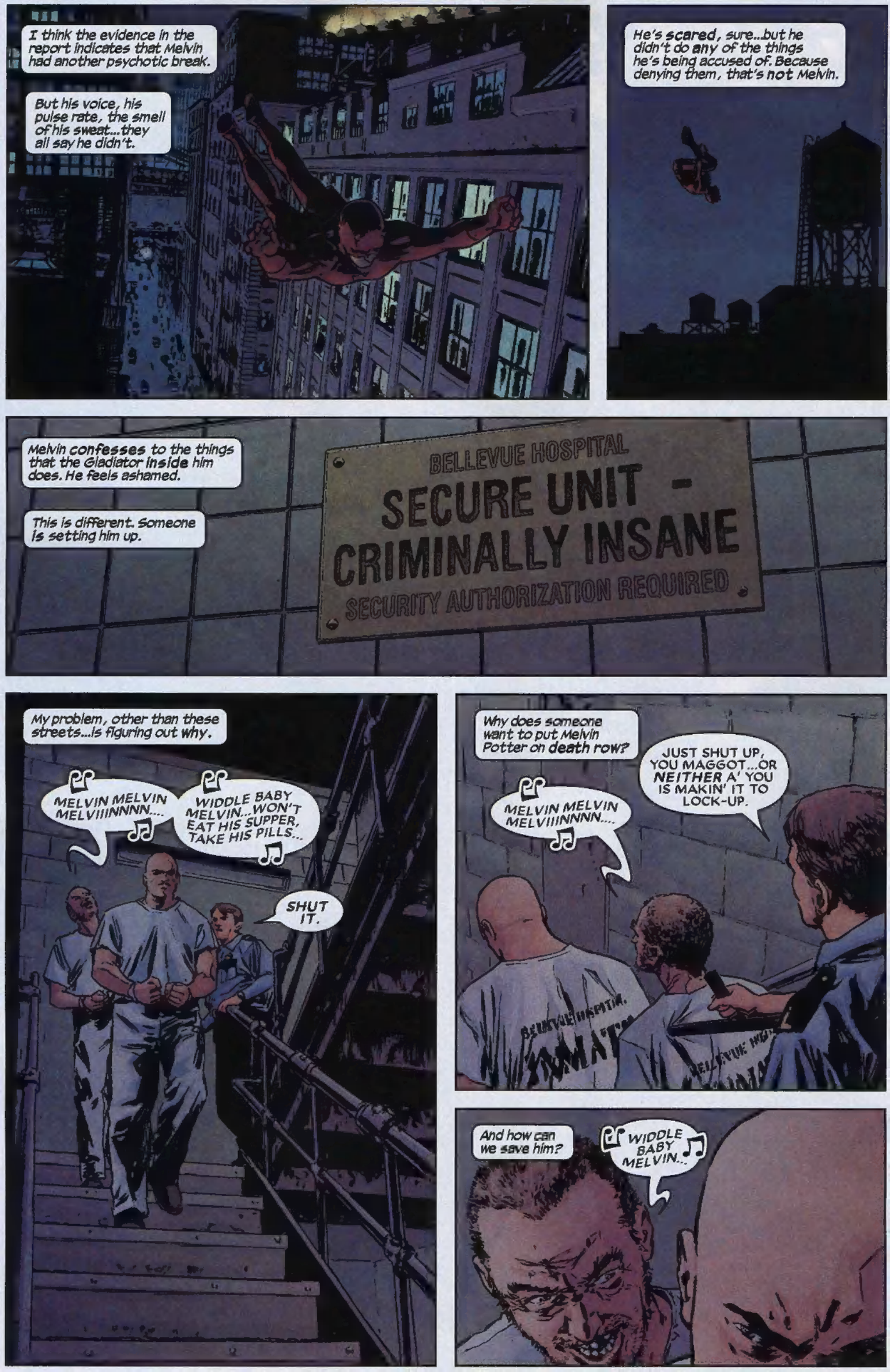

YOU ARE, IT'S JUST...
IT WAS MY DECISION, BECKY. I JUST THINK, CONSIDERING THE LAST YEAR OF MY LIFE, AND THE WAY THE GOVERNMENT IS LOOKING AT THE MASKED COMMUNITY...
IT'S BEST TO STAY OFF THEIR RADAR FOR NOW.
IS THAT UNREASONABLE?
MATT, OF COURSE IT ISN'T. I KNOW AS WELL AS ANYONE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH...
AND I'D RATHER HAVE YOU WITH ME, BUT IF YOU WANT TO SIT THIS ONE OUT, I'LL DO IT ALONE.
IT'LL STILL BE OUR FIRM REPRESENTING HIM.
YES, AND I'M NOT OFFERING TO RESIGN, BUT I'M NOT BUDGING ON THIS, EITHER.
GUS IS A FRIEND. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HANDLING MELVIN'S EARLY RELEASE, AND EVERYTHING BLEW UP IN HIS FACE...
SO I CAN'T BACK OUT, EVEN IF I WANTED TO.
LOOK, CAN WE JUST... JUST...
TAKE A VOTE?
BECAUSE THE LAST TIME WE DID [redacted] OF THOSE, YOU AND I VOTED AGAINST MATT...
...AND HE STILL WENT AHEAD AND GOT THE KINGPIN A WALK.


THAT WAS DIFFERENT.
BECAUSE IT WAS YOU?
WELL, THIS IS ME. MELVIN POTTER IS AN INNOCENT MAN WHO'S BEING SET UP.
AN INNOCENT MAN, MATT.
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO TURN YOUR BACK ON HIM BECAUSE YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT MORE BAD PRESS?
BECAUSE THAT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE STOPPING DAREDEVIL FROM GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT.
JUST...JUST HEAR HIM OUT, MATT. TALK TO HIM ONE TIME. FOR ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
MASTER OF THE OBVIOUS...BETTER GET YOUR COAT, HE'LL BE WAITING FOR US.
WE'RE GOING TO RYKER'S? NOW?
NO, GUS GOT ONE THING RIGHT...MELVIN'S BEEN TRANSFERRED TO BELLEVUE FOR A PSYCH EVAL.


I DON'T WANNA BE HERE, BECKY...I HATE IT HERE.
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
SECURE UNIT - CRIMINALLY INSANE
SECURITY AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED
I'M NOT CRAZY. NOT SOME J-CAT.
I KNOW, MELVIN, BUT THIS...THIS WILL HELP YOU PROVE THAT.
AT LEAST IN RYKER'S THEY MOSTLY LEFT ME ALONE, BUT HERE...THEY AREN'T SCARED OF ME.
THEY AREN'T SCARED OF ANYTHING.
LISTEN, MELVIN... WE NEED TO GO OVER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT.
THE SOONER WE GET THAT SORTED, THE SOONER YOU'RE OUT OF HERE.
THE DOCTOR IS SET TO EVALUATE YOU IN THE MORNING, AND WE'VE GOT AN APPEARANCE BEFORE THE COURT ON YOUR NEW CHARGES THE NEXT DAY.
NEW CHARGES?
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING...I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING OUT.
WELL, THEY'RE FILING TWO COUNTS OF FIRST-DEGREE MURDER AGAINST YOU UNLESS WE CAN GIVE THEM A REASON NOT TO.
SO WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED?


I DON'T KNOW. I SWEAR I DON'T...
I HAD A MEETING WITH MY LAWYER, THE OTHER LAWYER... THEN I WENT BACK TO MY WORK DETAIL...
COUPLE OF GUYS THERE ARE ALWAYS GIVING ME TROUBLE... CALLING ME "TARDO" AND STUFF...TALKING ABOUT MY PRIVATES...
THESE ARE THE VICTIMS? RAHNER AND PEYER?
YEAH, BUT...BUT... I DIDN'T HURT 'EM. I DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH--I —
YOU KNOW I HATE TO HURT PEOPLE, MATT... YOU KNOW.
THEN WHO DID?
SOMEONE HIT ME, FROM BEHIND...I THINK...AND THEN THE NEXT THING I KNOW, THE GUARDS ARE SAYING I KILLED THEM...
BUT I DIDN'T...I DIDN'T.
SOMEONE'S SETTING ME UP.
INMATE
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MATT?
I THINK HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
SO...YOU GUYS ARE GONNA GET ME OUT OF THIS?
WE'RE GOING TO TRY, MELVIN. JUST SIT TIGHT AND WE'LL SEE.

Hours later, chasing gunfire and screams, I still can't get Melvin out of my mind...
Or that place, the mental ward... the sounds and smells of those corridors are as bad as Ryker's in their own way.
But the streets out here often seem just as insane lately.
I try not to beat myself up about it. Try not to blame myself for being gone too long...
...for letting too much of Hell's Kitchen slip away.
I try to focus on Melvin Potter and his problems, instead of mine.
YEAH, WE FOLLOWED THE WIFE, LIKE YOU SAID TO...THINK WE FINALLY GOT SOMETHIN'.
And what do I think about that?
YEAH...YEAH. WELL, GET THIS-- SHE'S SEEIN' A SHRINK.
EXACTLY... YOU COULD USE THAT. I MEAN, I THINK.


I think the evidence in the report indicates that Melvin had another psychotic break.
But his voice, his pulse rate, the smell of his sweat...they all say he didn't.
He's scared, sure...but he didn't do any of the things he's being accused of. Because denying them, that's not Melvin.
Melvin confesses to the things that the Gladiator inside him does. He feels ashamed.
This is different. Someone is setting him up.
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
SECURE UNIT -
CRIMINALLY INSANE
SECURITY AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED
My problem, other than these streets...is figuring out why.
MELVIN MELVIN MELVIIINNNN....
WIDDLE BABY MELVIN...WON'T EAT HIS SUPPER, TAKE HIS PILLS...
SHUT IT.
Why does someone want to put Melvin Potter on death row?
MELVIN MELVIN MELVIIINNNN....
JUST SHUT UP, YOU MAGGOT...OR NEITHER A' YOU IS MAKIN' IT TO LOCK-UP.
And how can we save him?
WIDDLE BABY MELVIN...

MELVIN MELVIN MELVI--
HEY, FREAK! I SAID--
LEAVE ME ALONE!
OH #%@$...
LEAVE ME ALONE!
KWAMM
AHHHHHH!
NO--
KRKKKK

OH MY GOD--WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?!
WAIT... WAIT...
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM! RIGHT NOW!
I DIDN'T...
I DIDN'T DO IT...
TO BE CONTINUED...